

## MUSICAL ART ON THE OPERATIC STAGE AND ELSEWHERE

Time and Energy Wasted in Study  
Boston Symphony Orchestra to Go  
On Without Major Higginson

By W. J. HENDERSON.

WRITER in an evening newspaper a few days ago took occasion to lament the want of personal acquaintance with music by the people of this country. He regretted that they did not sing. Now as far as that goes it depends upon what people of this country are talking about. If Dr. Frank Crane, the writer referred to, deems us to regard the inhabitants of the United States as one people, with one set of customs and sentiments, he is asking a little more indulgence than the present writer can grant.

The German citizens of these United States certainly do sing, and on occasion, when it seems sternly necessary, they can and do sing about their "Old Kentucky Home" which is located next door to their castles in Spain. At other times they sing imported music. The Swedish societies sing, but their ditties are filled with echoes of Lake Malar, the Gotha Canal and other points looking toward Stockholm. The catalog need not be extended.

Numerous active gentlemen with the word "community" on their lips, but it is not at all easy to do so. And if he did he would not reach the ends pointed to in Dr. Crane's article. Between community singing and the cultivation of a taste in music there is a wide gulf.

Dr. Crane is eminently correct in asserting that no fine taste is likely to be developed by habitual opera going. On the contrary, opera going is a distinctly pernicious habit in that it is practised by a great number of people who never go to hear any other kind of music.

If those who listen only to opera possess of this is the whole equipment of a pianist.

**Misguided Enthusiasm.**  
It would be instructive as well as interesting to know how many budding musicians there are on the East Side at the present time. How many fathers and mothers are doomed to certain chagrin when these buds attempt to blossom? It is a pity that some determined movement cannot be started to check the misguided enthusiasm of the industrious people who are trying to turn every ardent child on the East Side into a performer of music. This wish will doubtless be regarded by those good people as little short of blasphemous, but the writer is not alone in his yearning for the peace of mind of the pitiful mediocrities whose whole lives are being poisoned by impossible dreams of greatness.

**Operatic Singing.**

There is a widely prevalent idea that opera must be the highest order of music because its interpreters are world famous, its cost is tremendous, its patrons persons of wealth and social position. Therefore when crowds gather in the Metropolitan and are moved to much excitement by the vociferous deliveries of singers whose chief object seems to be to make as loud a sound as possible the impression prevails that something in the nature of very high art has been observed and that the soul has been ecstatically uplifted far above the world conditions of every day life.

There are occasions when something of this kind takes place, for there are operas of noble artistic quality and not infrequently the Metropolitan stage is the scene of singing and acting of aristocratic type. That the aesthetic sensibilities of people are sharpened by the contemplation of such art is beyond question. Yet the sharpening must be small indeed since the greatest enthusiasm in the opera house is aroused by works of noisy, commonplace character.

Let us sing if we wish to; but let us sing good music. And let us go to hear good music of all kinds. But do not let us waste such a vast amount of energy and time on musical study which can never bring profit to the spirit.

That there is such a waste cannot be doubted by any one who observes the amount of music study that is going on in this country. What, for instance, is gained by teaching violin playing to a child almost devoid of musical nature? What is the use of trying to make a pianist of a child possessed of no piano talent?

**Real Art of the Pianist.**

The professional chronicler of musical doings bears in the course of a single season several pianists who should never have been taught to play. They acquire dexterity of finger. They can play difficult music with almost incredible swiftness and smoothness. But they betray a total want of the two qualities which are at the foundation of piano talent, sensitiveness to tone and rhythm. They have no touch and their control over the keys is purely mechanical.

They do not evoke from the piano that singing quality of tone without which its utterances are inevitably cold and hard. And they do not feel either the elementary rhythm of the musical figure or that larger rhythm which discloses itself in the balance of phrases.

The ability to acquire more dexterity of finger is mistaken by many feeling parents as a sure sign of talent, and they cherish fond hopes that their offspring will become Paderewskis. Many bitter disappointments would be avoided if these parents could be warned of the certain failure that awaits the unmusical child. But of course such knowledge would rob piano teaching of much pecuniary profit.

However, the writer must not be understood as insinuating that the teachers are not honest. Very few indeed are otherwise, but altogether too many of them are of precisely the type above described. They do not know anything themselves except finger skill, and they sincerely believe that the



been narrated with details that Sergei Vasilovitch Rachmaninov, the distinguished Russian composer, is to be engaged.

**American Conductors Scarce.**  
But it has not even been hinted that the next conductor in Boston will be an American. There seem to be no serious rivals for Toscanini in certain quarters where the word "American" is believed to be a powerful "circulation getter."

American conductors of symphonic calibre are indeed scarce. Reginald de Koven once upon a time conducted some symphony concerts in Washington. It is said that they were very interesting indeed. Henry Hadley conducted the Seattle and afterward the San Francisco orchestra. But with all respect for these two artists of the baton, no one would consider either a serious rival for Toscanini or even a devoted artist friend of his. He has, however, enlisted not only some of the greatest stars of the musical world but also the official cooperation of Uncle Sam himself.

Without reckoning the hundreds of marines, soldiers, sailors, Signal Corps men and band musicians detailed by the Secretary of the Navy, the total

fortably settled, let us hope that the Boston Symphony Orchestra will continue to be heard with as much satisfaction in the future as in the past. We certainly should not like to see it wither and fade for want of the sunshine of Major Henry L. Higginson's smile. It is a national institution, while the Major is strictly Bostonian.

**CONCERTS, RECITALS, NOTES OF MUSIC.**

It has remained for Geraldine Farrar to top the glories of the musical season with one of the most imposing programmes ever offered at the Metropolitan. Certainly if names count for anything the performance she has arranged for this evening, and which she happily terms a "Patriotic Music Festival," would defy the purse of any individual manager. But Miss Farrar, undisturbed and with her devoted artist friends flocking to her support, has enlisted not only some of the greatest stars of the musical world but also the official cooperation of Uncle Sam himself.

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GRACE LARUE  
WHO WILL SING

LIUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, WHO WILL  
CONDUCT THE MASSED NAVAL BANDS

salaries of such famous entertainers as John McCormack, George M. Cohan, John Philip Sousa, Leon Rothler, Efrem Zimbalist, Clarence Whitehill, Grace LaRue, Irene Franklin and Robert Emmett Keane could not possibly be paid by even such enormous gross receipts as are already assured for to-night. Miss Farrar's enterprise is to help her sisters of the stage in the great work they are doing for our own boys and our allies at the battlefield. The Stage Women's War Relief, almost from the very day we entered the war, have performed a noble and important work. They have sent solace and comfort of every kind to suffering French, English, Italian and Belgians. The cases of dressings and surgical supplies that have crossed the ocean from their hands could not be counted.

But all this needs money, much money. Miss Farrar when she became a member of this organization conceived the idea of a gala concert for the benefit of this great work, and with the exception of a few minor expenses every dollar realized at the Metropolitan to-night will go to the Stage Women's War Relief. As the house was almost entirely sold out the very first day of the sale a large sum will be realized.

An orchestral concert of French music will be given in Carnegie Hall Friday evening, May 17, by Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra of San Francisco. Mr. Sokoloff, who is well known to New York musicians, has secured a picked orchestra of ninety players. His programme will include the Cesar Franck Symphony in D, two nocturnes of Claude Debussy and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Chopin's "Española." On the Pacific Coast Mr. Sokoloff has been particularly successful, and has brought the San Francisco Philharmonic to a high degree of musical efficiency. For three years he was identified with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of a conductor. Mr. Sokoloff has just returned from France, where he spent the winter organizing relief for French musicians, the outcome of his efforts being the organization of the American Friends of Musicians in France. He also gave a number of concerts for French soldiers of the American and French armies. For his New York concert he has chosen a French programme, a nat-

ural result of his deep affection for the French people.

Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist, is probably the first of the group of prominent instrumentalists who have made America their home since the outbreak of war to consider seriously a return to Europe while the battle rages. Mr. Ganz has actually made all arrangements to leave these shores next August, planning to return again about Christmas time. He will go directly to Paris, on the invitation of his friends Isidore Philipp, the well known pianist and teacher, and Gabriel Pierne, the eminent composer and conductor of the "Colonne" orchestra, under whose baton he will play the Beethoven Emperor concerto. A recital for the benefit of the Société Musicale des Professeurs du Conservatoire has also been arranged. In addition to these engagements Mr. Ganz will appear at some of the great cities in concert and will play in as many camps and hospitals in France as time will permit. He will, of course, visit his native Switzerland, where he will have engagements with all the leading orchestras and where he hopes to give a number of concerts for charity. Two appearances in London will feature the trip, one with orchestra, the other a recital.

Just to show Europeans the wonderful strides America has been making in music, to quote the pianist's own words, he will play at the Metropolitan in positions at all of his recitals. Returning to America via Havana, where he will have three appearances, Mr. Ganz will make his first appearance in New York January 12, when he will play the Tchaikowsky concerto.

Friends and admirers of Sergeant David Hochstein, the young American violinist, will be pleased to learn that he has arrived safely in France with his regiment. Shortly before his departure he was met by a French officer, a concert violinist, who gave him a letter from his mother. The letter informed him that his mother had been killed in an accident which resulted in so damaging his Stradivarius that the insurance company would not pay the value. The violinist, who had been required by his value as greatly depreciated. Special permission was granted Sergeant Hochstein to take his violin with him, and when he arrived in France and his mother's death was known, he was given the violin. He is now in France, and his mother's death was known, he was given the violin. He is now in France, and his mother's death was known, he was given the violin.

across they will doubtless feel convinced that their efforts to improve the quality of the entertainment furnished the boys in the trenches had properly repaid Hochstein in one of the wise ones who profit by experience. The violin he has taken across with him is not his Stradivarius.

One of the most pretentious concerts ever arranged by working people for working people will be that of the Brownsville Labor Lyceum at the New York Hippodrome on Sunday evening, May 18. The artists will be Minnie Kinnon, Nina Morgana, the petite Metropolitan coloratura soprano, and Morgan Kingston, the minor-tenor of the Metropolitan. The Hippodrome concert will be the last of this season's series conducted by the Lyceum in its work of bringing the greatest artists and the best music to the masses at popular prices. Tickets are on sale at the following places: "The Messiah" at 100 West Street; the "Forward," 175 East Broadway; the People's House, 7 East Fifth Street; Dr. Becker's optical store, 102 Lenox Avenue and 118 Prospect Avenue; Bronx: Katz's drug store, 78 Graham Avenue, and Levinson's music store, 1759 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn; and at the Brownsville Labor Lyceum, 219 Backman Street.

The regular free monthly concert of the Music School Settlement will be given at the school, 55 East Third Street, this afternoon, at 4 o'clock. The Senior Orchestra, Arthur Farwell, conductor, which has recently played the four performances of "The Messiah" in the four quarters of New York with the New York Community Chorus, will be heard in the "Concerto in F Minor," by Verdeli, the "Pastoral Symphony" from "The Messiah," and the waltz from the "Serenade," opus 48, of Tchaikowsky. The vocal ensemble, Laura Elliot, conductor, will sing the hymn, "The Hallelujahs," arranged from an old Neanderthal folk hymn, and Handel's "Steele, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" There will be other numbers by various soloists and ensembles of the school.

**MUSIC TEACHERS AND PUPILS.**

Another vocal "discovery" has just been made in the case of a young New York chautauque. It appears that a Metropolitan Opera House boxholder heard the chautauque singing in his garage, and struck with the quality of his voice, decided to look into the matter. He arranged for the chautauque to sing for Mario Salvini, the New York voice specialist, who has his vocal studio at 305 West 57th Street. Mr. Salvini found the chautauque the possessor of a phenomenal tenor voice, both in timbre and range. The tenor's name is Giuseppe Lollini, who will be prepared for his career by Mr. Salvini. He will have the backing of a millionaire music patron who does not wish to be mentioned at this time.

**PLAQUE FOR BRITISH MOURNERS.**

"H" Died for Freedom and Honor" is the inscription on the memorial plaque or medal in bronze which will be given to the next of kin of each man of Great Britain's forces who has fallen in the war. The simple and dignified design of the medal shows Britannia, with her lion attendant, holding a wreath of laurel above the field or panel enclosing the name of the dead hero. Each name will be cast with the medal. E. Carter Preston of Liverpool, a comparatively unknown sculptor, won the \$1250 prize offered for the design in competition with more than 800, including many soldiers at the front. Scarcity of material necessarily will delay the distribution of what will be treasured heirlooms.

**KULTUR IN 1917.**

THE Kultur of Germans is shown in the following passage in the life of Pasteur, dealing with an incident during the Franco-Prussian war:

"Regnault had left his laboratory tools in his room at the Sevres porcelain manufactory of which he was manager. A Prussian, evidently an expert, had been there. Nothing seemed changed in that abode of science and yet everything was destroyed. The glass tubes of barometers were broken; scales and other instruments had been carefully knocked out of shape with a hammer. In a corner was a heap of ashes, the register's notes, manuscripts, all Regnault's work of the last ten years."

our hour of national crisis the people should not only show that they can be counted on to do voluntarily the right thing but that they can be counted on to do it quickly. The war can be long and the German people are putting into actual operation their patriotic impulses.

The President has now called upon the people of the nation to put themselves on a still more stringent voluntary conservation programme. "It is imperative that the waste and unnecessary consumption of all sorts of foodstuffs should be rigidly eliminated," he says.

Our normal surplus of these foods needed so badly abroad has already been sent. The Allies are calling for more. We must not waste and we must share in victory. The only answer is to reduce our own consumption. This we can and must do.

There is still all manner of leeway in cutting down consumption without endangering health. We have fed our armies not only in the most efficient way but have eaten to satisfy the appetite and not to build the body.

No people loved food for food's sake more than the Germans. With the firing of the first gun, however, this model of efficiency among nations put its people on certain definite rations and extended its "card index system" to include life's necessities. These rations have tightened as the war has continued. But Germany is still feeding the trenches with soldiers who are still able to hold the line. They are not yet starved.

Their war is almost four years old and ours little more than a year. Surely then the American people have no need for panic over the cutting down of some unnecessary eating and the substitution of other foods for certain commodities most suitable for shipping and for sustaining those fighting for us on the other side.

Every loyal American is asked to observe rigidly the following programme until further changes may be necessary:

Only one and half pounds of wheat per person per week.

Only three pounds of sugar per person per month.

Make every day a fat saving day.

Use potatoes, fruits and vegetables abundantly.

Use milk wisely. Children especially must have milk.

Do not hoard food.

**TO-NIGHT 7:50 SHARP!**  
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE  
**GERALDINE FARRAR'S**  
PATRIOTIC MUSIC FESTIVAL  
IN AID OF STAGE WOMEN'S WAR RELIEF  
OFFERING AN UNPRECEDENTED Program, Including  
**Farrar • McCormack • Cohan • Zimbalist**  
**★ Lt. John Philip Sousa ★ The Jackie Band of 350 ★**  
**Keane ★ Rothier ★ Galli ★ Bonfiglio**  
**★ La Rue ★ Franklin ★ Chalmers ★**  
GRAND STAGE ENSEMBLES DETAILLED BY ADMIRAL  
OFFICER COMMANDANT IN CHIEF, DISTRICT METROPOLITAN DE  
CREATED BY CONDUCTORS—PAUL HOSKINS AND MONTAGUE  
Director Charles Emerson Cook, Stage Director Richard Ordway.

CARNEGIE HALL, Sat. May 18, at 8:15  
Sole Recital  
**ROSENBLATT**  
Tenor—Carnegie Hall, Sat. May 18, at 8:15  
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**SOKOLOFF**  
Conductor San Francisco Philharmonic,  
Popular from Mrs. Lillian Hoffman.

## THE MAID OF FRANCE AND THE BRITISH TOMMY MEET

An English lieutenant had placed a wreath at the feet of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc just outside an old church in a small town in France. It is Christmas eve, just before midnight, when, according to an old French tradition, the statue of Jeanne comes to life for a brief space. A British Tommy and a polli have fallen asleep at the foot of the statue. The church bells chime midnight, and Jeanne slowly awakes and lifts the wreath from her feet.

Jeanne—The wreath is here. I did not dream it, then I saw him come and lay the wreath at my feet. I saw his uniform, and the uniform was not of France. I saw his face, and it was not a Frenchman's face. I heard his voice, and the voice was an English voice. I do not understand. Why should the English bring a wreath to me? I do not want their wreath. I want no favors from an Englishman. I am Jeanne d'Arc. I am your enemy, you English, whom I made to bite the dust at Orleans and vanquished at

Patay. It was I who bore the standard into the cathedral at Rheims when we crowned my Dauphin the anointed King of France, and English Redoubt trembled at my name. Burgundians took me at Compiègne. Your English money bought me from them, and your English hatred gave me up to mocking priests to try for sorcery. You called me "heretic," "relapsed," "apostate" and "idolater," and burned me for a witch in Rouen market place. And now do you lay a wreath at Jeanne's feet? And do you thing she thanks you? I scorn your wreath! This wreath is an English soldier's set at Jeanne's feet. I tear it, and I trample on it.

(The Tommy and the polli have awakened during this speech. Both are bewildered at first, like men who dream. But as Jeanne is about to tear the wreath from English soldier's set at Jeanne's feet, I tear it, and I trample on it.)

The Tommy—I dunno if I'm awake or asleep, but that there wreath, lady, should the English bring a wreath to me? I do not want their wreath. I want no favors from an Englishman. I am Jeanne d'Arc. I am your enemy, you English, whom I made to bite the dust at Orleans and vanquished at

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The Tommy—Lord bless you, no. Provost-Marshal wouldn't let 'em if they wanted a friendly scrap. Jeanne—You're frazzled. I have seen them walking arm in arm. The Tommy—That's natural enough. Jeanne—Natural, for French and English!

The Tommy—Yes, lady, natural. If you'd seen the Frenchies fighting, same as I have, you'd want to walk arm with them yourself, and be proud to do it too.

The Polli—The English are our brothers, Maids. The Tommy—Gorblimey, we're more than that. I've known brothers do the dirty on each other. Us and the French, we're—why, we're pals. So that's all right, lady. Just let me put that wreath back where you got it from. I'm sure you'll 'urt some one's feelings if you trample on it. (He tries to take wreath; she prevents him.)

Jeanne—When you have shown me why I should accept an English wreath, perhaps I will. So far I've yet to learn why a soldier of France is friendly with an Englishman. The Polli—Perhaps I can show you

reason. I who was born at Domremy. Jeanne—You come from there? My home! You knew my church? It is still there?

The Polli—Who can say? Jeanne, the Germans came to Domremy. I do not know if anything is left. Jeanne—The Germans? But the Germans did not count when I lived there. The Tommy—No, and they'll count a sight less before so long.

The Polli—They came like a thunderstorm, Jeanne. They swept our men away. They tore up treaties and they came through Belgium and vanished in, and took us unaware. They blotted out our frontiers and came on like the tide till even Paris heard the sound of German guns. And then the English came, slowly at first, and just a little late, but not too late, then more and more and all the time more English came. They swept the Germans from the sea and drove their ships to hide. Shoulder to shoulder they have fought for France. They hurled the Germans back from Paris, and when their soldiers fell more came and more. Their ploughmen and their clerks, their great lords and their scullions, all came to France to fight with us for in patrie.

The Tommy—Oh, well, we ain't done nothing to make a song about. The Polli—Our children and our children's children will make songs of what the English did.

The Tommy—You let 'em. Leave it to 'em. Way I look at it is this, lady. There's a big, swell-headed bully, and he gets a little follow down and starts kickin' 'im. Well, it ain't manners, and he blows come along and teach 'im wot's wot. That's all there is to it.

The Polli—There's more than that. I could tell in a hundred years, Jeanne. The Tommy—Then what's the good of trying?

Jeanne—He tried because he had to make me understand your friendship and all the noble thought and noble deed that lie behind this little wreath. (She raises the wreath.)

The Tommy (interposing)—Oh, I say now, lady, go easy with that wreath, won't you? I—I wouldn't trample it if I were you. Battle of Waterloo's a long time ago. Jeanne—Don't be afraid.

The Tommy—Gave me a turn to see you pick it up like that.

Jeanne (putting it on her head)—The English wreath is in its right place now. Here, on the head of Jeanne d'Arc. I'll wear this wreath forever. Give me your hand, you English soldier.

The Tommy—I've not washed since morning, lady. Jeanne—Your hand, that fights for France (she takes it). And yours, soldier of France.

The Polli—Jeanne! But you— (Holding back timidly.)

Jeanne—I am where I would always be (she has a hand out both) among my fighting men. They have

set me on a pedestal and made a saint of me, but I am better here, a saint or no, than a soldier of France. They will not let me fight for France to-day. Save for this mystic light on Christmas Eve I am a thing of stone. But Jeanne lives on. Her spirit fights for France to-day as Jeanne fought 500 years ago. And in this hour when I am granted speech to France, I am free and the invader pays the price of treachery. And you, you English, who have come to France, I, who have hated you, whom you burnt, I, Jeanne d'Arc of Rheims and Orleans, I give you thanks. My people are your people and my cause is your cause. Vivent! Vivent les Anglais!

Millions of women throughout the country have signed the United States Food Administration pledge card and have studied and followed the home card issued for their instruction and guidance.

But home wasn't built in a day, and conservation doesn't eat up in a night. Habits of waste as well as extravagance that have been years in the making cannot be remade in days or weeks. Individual education toward any reform is a slow and painful process.

Assuming that the majority of the American people want to do the right and patriotic thing in regard to food saving too much time must not be consumed in its actual accomplishment. War waits on no man. And now in

THE first food conservation appeal made to the American people was to avoid waste. For weeks and months they had avoidance of waste drilled into their unconscious ears. They were told what a prodigal nation America has always been. They were preached patriotism in terms of "the gospel of the clean plate." The well known slogan "Food is Ammunition" was scattered broadcast to warn the people that to waste one particle of food was to deprive the allied army of just that much fighting power.

It had its effect. Waste was reduced in public eating houses as well as private homes. Definite data on this reduced waste is obtained from the reports of the country's garbage cans. A total decrease of 2,700 tons has been recorded in the garbage collection of 1917 as compared with 1916. In June, 1917, alone there was a reduction of 32 per cent. in a group of cities aggregating 15,000,000 population, while garbage collections during November, 1917, were 11 per cent. lower than the corresponding month of 1916.

Then came the matter of substitution. The American people were told they must be kept in good fighting trim and

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